

A P O E T I C
C H R O N O L O G Y.

By a B R I T O N.

TRUTH *shall appear—tho' Partiality*
Has cloak'd Her, in the Habit of Deceit:
And the Assassine INTEREST—so scar'd
Her lovely Face—that Honour knew Her not.

J. C.

Read, READERS, read!

TRISTRAM SHANDY,

C O V E N T R Y:

Printed for the AUTHOR, by T. LUCKMAN.

M,DCC,LXIII.

CHRONOLOGICAL

BY J. B. R. I. T. O. M.

THE HISTORY OF THE
REPUBLIC OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENTS TO THE PRESENT
TIME

J. C.

Good Readers, read!

TRISTRAM SHANDY.

COVENTRY:
Printed for the AUTHOR, by T. LUCKMAN.

M.DCC.LXIII.

A
[3]
POETIC CHRONOLOGY.

O F crown'd Depravity—the spurious Cause!

Of fatal Zeal, infringing sacred Laws:

Of Usurpation, infamously great,—

Which 'rose, to sink—and rule the ruin'd State!

Of barren Indolence—and fruitful Vice!—

Of papal Tyranny, and Cowardice:

How Subjects dar'd, with their Supreme contend,

And their lov'd Laws—and Liberties defend!

What Meekness, Merit—Majesty possess'd!

What poison'd Shafts, pierc'd her unguarded Breast!

James I.

Charles I.

O. Crom.

Charl. II.

James II.

Revolut.

Q. Anne.

4 A POETIC CHRONOLOGY.

George I. Why Right establish'd—justify'd a Claim ;—

Geo. II. Why more than Hero, dignify'd a Fame ;

Geo. III. What less than Virtue's Self cou'd mount a Throne,
Who spar'd his Foes—yet made the World his own!

Sing, my Historic Muse, in boldest Lays,—
Nor critic Censure fear—nor covet Praise;—
Scorning the tim'rous Turtle's—midway Flight,—
Soar up with Eagles—to a nobler Height!—

Pure—with polluted Streams, no Union hold;—
And Brass Alloy depreciates Virgin Gold:
Most Flow'rs, when rais'd from unselected Seeds,—
Soon will degen'rate into pristine Weeds:
Nature debas'd—by Art, in Time restor'd,—
The Weed's a Flow'r—the Slave, a Sovereign Lord.

Thus Records—Fame, and Satyr dar'd declare,
A Vassal—Parent of a royal Heir!
Whose Mind was fill'd with Ghosts, and Magic Art,—
Yet distant Swords wou'd palpitate his Heart!

Sloth,

A POETIC CHRONOLOGY.

25

Sloth, Pride, and Ignorance the Vulgar sway'd,—
And Perfidy and Gold the Court betray'd;—
Pacific Dulness damp'd their martial Fire,—
Nor cou'd *Amboyna's* Blood one Spark inspire!
Extreme Indulgence fully'd the Supreme,—
Whose Acts were Trifles—and his Thoughts a Dream!
He died—and Pomp committed to the Grave,
The Lust of Pow'r—and Famine of the Brave.

His Son—whose Queen—possess'd his Seal by Fraud,
And wrought his Ruin—by imperious *Laud*!
Dispens'd his Pow'r—inflav'd his Faith, and Love
In Modes—which Rapine only cou'd approve!

Dear—pious—peaceful—artless, passive Mind—
Too fond of Priests—and Queen, to rule Mankind!

Baleful Hypocrisy, with impious Hand,
Join'd Pow'r—to crush the King—yet crown the Land!

Strange half-bred Times—all bloody to maintain—
Or Bigots—or Enthusiasts shou'd reign!

The

6 A POETIC CHRONOLOGY.

The World condol'd—a pious Prince's Death ; —
 The World fell prostrate—at great *Cromwell's* Breath!
 To Earth, the Two return'd—Heav'n took the King,
 Where *Cromwell* went—the Muse forbears to sing.

Oppress'd with lawless Law—and ruinous Pow'r,
 The Isles drew Home—their dear transplanted Flow'r:
 Tho' strong in Nerves—too impotent to guide
 The furious Realm—He gave the Reins to *Hyde*!

Delusion form'd his Faith—and Fear his Pray'r ;
 Folly his Wit—Incontinence his Care!
 Priests—Parasites, and Healths absolv'd his Deeds,
 And banish'd Morals—and demolish'd Creeds.
 Virtue in secret, hid her sacred Head,—
 For Persecution ruling—Wisdom fled ; —
 And helpless Piety, felt *Nero's* Rod ; —
 When plung'd in Dungeons—for adoring God !

Still, in that Reign, some Blood was nobly spilt,—
 To expiate a Part of Royal Guilt : —

But

A POETIC CHRONOLOGY.

7

But—from such Valour, blackest Terror springs!

Whilst leagu'd Dishonour lauds the Crimes of Kings!

Yet—tho' Misrule debas'd the scepter'd Hand—

When dead—the King drew Pity from the Land!—

The next enthron'd—Corruptions to controul,—

—Was great and mean—a Paradox of Soul!—

—Was rich, yet poor—tho' pow'ful never brave:—

Tho' learn'd, not wise—and tho' a King, a Slave!

Wealth, Bigotry, and Pow'r allur'd his Mind;

Linx-ey'd in Error—and in Honour blind!

Profuse—and covetous of Church Command—

Gave Liberty of Conscience to the Land!

Dark Scheme!—deluding, Protestants to jar,—

And nurture Ruin—by a civil War!—

The Good, with seeming Goodness to beguile,

Whilst Priests, and martial Laws inflav'd the Isle.—

The Fleet revolting—and the Army paid

By Patriot-Hands—a Revolution made;—

Which spurn'd the Object—abject Fears betray'd!

Whither,

But

8 A POETIC CHRONOLOGY,

Whither, to blissful Lights—or penal Fires;—
From Seraph, nor from Satan, Truth transpires!—
Since—mute the Point—the Argument shall cease,—
If a Sub-Fiend asserts—He rests in Peace.

A welcome Hero, meriting Renown,
From injur'd suppliant Hands receiv'd the Crown :
Their Plea---to succour Honour's---Virtue's Cause;
---The Nation's Commerce, and the ancient Laws.—

Their Plan---not trait'rous, to persuade a Son
To seize---an abdicated Father's Throne.

Cautious, They paus'd---till Fear and Doubt gave Way--
And Reason loud pronounc'd great Wisdom's Sway :
From her Resources, numerous Motives spring,
To urge the Senate, to declare him King.—
The harrafs'd *Britons*, now were All set free,
And felt the Sweets of Peace and Liberty :—
Misrule was check'd---and Tyranny was o'er,
And Moderation held the Reins of Pow'r!—

The

A POETIC CHRONOLOGY.

9

The Sceptre still (precarious) fill'd his Hand,
Who aw'd the Globe---and freed the fetter'd Land!
Vindictive Valour fortify'd his Fame!
Caprice, invid'ous---undermin'd his Name!

Fearing, and fear'd---the King and Realms unite;---
And chymic Gold illumin'd---darken'd Right.

Just, at the Crisis---when the World cou'd save,---
Nor aid, our Foes from Want, or martial Grave;
A pamper'd Steed, by Heav'n's Permission, rear'd; ---
Foam'd, neigh'd, and started---tush'd the Bitt, and steer'd }
A guideless Course---and, once the Sovereign fear'd!--- }
He---who, of Men, cou'd Legions save or kill, ---
A servile Beast rebuk'd, his Pow'r and Skill:---
The Creature plunging, cast his sacred Lord,
And maim'd the Monarch---spar'd by Fire and Sword!
Disease---by Art increas'd---fond Candour moan'd;---
---He dy'd---and Arms, and Laws, and Science groan'd!

B

Statutes

70 A POETIC CHRONOLOGY.

Statutes---and Honour chang'd the dismal Scene,
And the Crown brighten'd---by a virtuous Queen!
Mild as the Morning, when the Zephyrs bring
Salubrious Odours---to regale the Spring;
Inspire the feather'd Choir, with grateful Lays,---
Whilst innocent (her Type) the Lambkin plays!

Pure Zeal compos'd her Soul---Her Bounty bless'd
The Orphan, Widow, and the Wife distress'd!---

Goodness enjoy'd her Smiles---Vice fled her Frowns,---
Who punish'd Cowards---and gave Laws to Crowns!

Thus---whilst the Consort of her Bosom breath'd,---
With Flow'rs and Laurels were her Temples wreath'd;
Soon---as Disease and Care consum'd his Life,---
Ingrates controul'd---with Perfidy and Strife!

Oh! *Oxford, Bolingbroke*, degen'rate Names!
The Sovereign's Poison, and the Nation's Flames!
Fountains of Error, Seeds of secret Foes;
Roots of all Evil---and the Fruit of Woes!

Churchill,

APPOETIC CHRONOLOGY. II

Churcbill, nigh wrought the *Gallick* Nation's Doom,
Who, *Cæsar* like---went, saw, and overcome!
One more Campaign---his glorious Deeds had crown'd;
And the World trembled---if great *Marlb'rough* frown'd!
Insatiate Envy charg'd his Fame with Fraud;---
And Tools of State---a venal Peace applaud!

Whilst Priests, unmask'd, ray'd Their false Tenets loud;
Instilling Poison, in the giddy Croud!-----

Such dull, lame Messengers---no G-d e'er sent,---
Ch---t spoke the Errand---but th' Infernals went:

Hereditary Claims the Gospel drown,---
'Till the tame Sov'reign---wou'd transfer her Crown;
Taught---that by lawless Pow'r---She long withheld,
Fraternal Right---and 'gainst high Heav'n rebell'd.

Love---and Credulity---her Soul's chief Food!
Too humbly wise, and dangerously good!

Can *Boadicia*'s Prowess, which o'ercame
Victorious Chiefs---who trembl'd at her Name,

12 A POETIC CHRONOLOGY.

Die in Oblivion?—No, her Fame shall stand
Instructive Monument—to each servile Land!

Shall *Cressy's* Field, and *Hal* of *Monmouth's* Fire,
In native, glorious Annals e'er expire?—

Superior Numbers despicably fail'd,
Thousands in vain, 'gainst Hundreds, then assail'd,
For Virtue, join'd with Valour—each prevail'd!
A captive King implor'd the Realms Release!
But Hostages and Ransom purchas'd Peace!

How strange—the afflicting Change—when Victor's stoop
To Terms propos'd—by ev'ry former Dupe!

Madly They rush'd on War—then tamely sue
For Parts and Pieces—of a Peace, in lieu!

Fickle as Wind—and frangible as Glafs,
Some Treaties have explain'd the fabl'd Afs,
Starving between the Fodder—and the Grass!

Once awful Land!—derisive oft thy Fate!
Babes grasp the Spear—and Madmen guide the State!

Such

A POETIC CHRONOLOGY. 13

Such mimic Rulers of each dangerous Tribe,—
String-led—profuse—yet coveting the Bribe!
Thro' Pow'r insane—exempt of legal Fate,—
Superbly mean—and ruinously great!

Cease—cease! again, I hear the Thunder roll,
That presag'd Her divine, departing Soul!
Whilst Seraphs sing Her to eternal Rest,—
And the Angelic Host—proclaim their Guest:

A legal Heir assum'd the regal Sway,
And Sons of Freedom celebrate the Day!
Reason and Faith—Honour and Valour, join'd
To bless the Land—and grace his royal Mind:
Sweet Mercy, Justice press'd in close Embrace,—
And baneful Discord hid—her hideous Face.
In artless Lays, calm Peace harmonious sung,—
From Commerce—Riches, Pow'r, and Plenty, sprung.

But, ah! what Serpents lurk 'mongst sweetest Flow'rs,
What Air malignant blasts our halcyon Hours?

Hydra

14 A POETIC CHRONOLOGY.

Hydra Rebellion rear'd Her savage Head,
Fear fill'd the Isles—and native Valour fled,—
'Till the lov'd Sov'reign rear'd resistless Might!
Forc'd the vain Tumult—to inglorious Flight:
Punish'd the Leaders, spar'd the misled Throng;
And Din of War was chang'd for cheerful Song!
His Goodness claim'd his Right—and Subjects own'd
His Greatness, meritoriously enthron'd!
Tyrants and Vassals, his high Deeds confess'd;
And call'd by Heav'n—his Soul retir'd to Rest.

His royal Son, improving on his Sire,
With equal Virtues—and more martial Fire:
Jealous of Honour—manly dar'd prefer
A reasonable Peace—to glorious War!—

Insult, He ne'er wou'd brook—yet, when France fled,
—Cry'd—sheath your Swords! enough of Blood is shed!
Where e'er He turn'd his Arms, fierce Conquest hurl'd
Death and Destruction, to th' astonish'd World!

His

A POETIC CHRONOLOGY.

15

His Mercy, on Submission, crown'd his Fame;—

E'en *Indian* Savages revere his Name!

Each Art and Science to his Thought was clear;—

Who knew what's known by Man—excepting Fear.

Invidious *France* beheld, with vengeful Eye,

The moral King, whose Law was Liberty!

On equal Terms, his feeble Soul cou'd bear,—

Nor risque the fatal Consequence of War;—

But undermin'd the State with golden Tools,

And Gold, corrupting Lunatics and Fools!

The Land, thus brib'd—was grievously oppress'd!

The Land, thus sav'd—was gloriously redress'd!

Chief Guardian of the Isles, great *C-mb-----d!*

Courted the Danger—of supreme Command!

Wisdom his Helmet—and his Breast-Plate—Love

Of Souls—who, led by Heroes—Heroes prove!

Dauntless inspir'd the Fragment of a Host,—

'Gainst Legions—who intrepid Nature boast.—

Bewilder'd

16 A POETIC CHRONOLOGY.

Bewilder'd Fury charg'd his steady Van,—
E'en challeng'd Triumph, e'er the Fight began :
Quarter forbid !—Revenge ! Revenge ! the Cry !—
Insur'd of Conquest—or resolv'd to die.
Swift and destructive as the Light'ning's Blast,
The Hero slew the Rebels, on the Waste
Of *Culloden*—their timid Leaders fled,—
And left their vanquish'd Bands—disarm'd, or dead !—

Thus *Hercules*, *Thebe's* Robbers piece-meal tore,
And fed the barren Soil with Savage Gore !
Justly, their Gen'als met their self-wrought Doom ;
Terror to Traitors—and the Slaves of *Rome* !

Confusion fled—and Peace, with glad'ning Rays,
Gave Lustre to reviving—golden Days !
But soon—too soon, some inauspicious Stars
Intrude intestine Feuds—and foreign Wars ;—
Aided by jarring Souls, whose Errors made
Credit a Bankrupt—and dread War a Trade !

Our

A POETIC CHRONOLOGY. 17

Our kingly Parent—as just Heav'n thought fit—
Found out a Cure—the Nation's Healer, P--t !
Like *Abdiel*, faithful 'mongst the Faithless found ;
Who acts an Angel—and with Honour's crown'd.

He, thro' new Ways, conducts the Nation's Weal,—
And Balms of Virtue—Wounds of Discord heal :
Now, thro' the World—the Fleets their Thunders roar,
Conquests in Shouts, re-eccho from each Shore ;—
Whilst continental Wars abash'd—stand still,—
And wonder—at the great Director's Skill !

Suspence in vain attack'd the Sov'reign's Ease,
Who fought and conquer'd, for a lasting Peace !

Bless'd with great Age and Glories, thrice He cry'd
—Heav'n still protect the Throne!—and calmly dy'd.
So the great *Hebrew*, by divine Command,
Had only Leave to see—the promis'd Land.
To his Successor were the Nations given,—
When he enjoy'd the brightest Realms of Heav'n.

C

His

18 A POETIC CHRONOLOGY.

His Grandson—grand in Lin'age—more in Birth !
 —A real *Briton*—Mirroure of the Earth !
 Now grasps the Sceptre, with a Victor's Air,
 Yet owns Religion his profoundest Care !
 With Prudence—social Joys his Heart incline,—
 Which Meekness, Love, and Majesty refine !

What e'er is great—what e'er is worthy Fame,—
 Is blest'd with Sanction of his royal Name.——

Oh, cou'd my Talents plead his least Esteem,—
 Alas, too low—Angels might claim the Theme !
 Imperfect—on a perfect Course, I run ;
 Dark as a Worm—yet vainly paint the Sun !

Forgive, great King—my inharmonious Lays,
 Since grateful Love, and cheerful Duty raise,
 A Subject's Mind to voluntary Praise !
 And shou'd high Heav'n permit, Infernal Pow'r
 To waft Contagion—blasting *Briton's* Flow'r ;

And

A POETIC CHRONOLOGY 19

And nourish baneful Weeds—to virt'ous Hearts;
The free-born Muse, in Raptures thus imparts,
Dare to be nobly honest, and expose
Your naked Bosoms—to preserve your Rose!

Fight and implore—'till Heav'n indulgent hears,
Roots up the Weeds—and dissipates your Fears!

Dull Cares!—the medly Brood of Doubts—be gone!
Virtue adorns—and Pow'r supports the Throne!

Hapless—shou'd some *Achitophel* appear,—
Whose fatal Views—again may summon Fear!—

Whose Crimes, a Crown wou'd overcast with Stains,
Or thro' the Ear envenom royal Brains:—

Curb the good Laws—or foreign Foes direct,—
Or tread on Trade—and Tyranny protect!

Doom the dire Traitor—as his Deeds deserve,
And Monarchy—and Liberty preserve!

Yet, hark—what Melody now fills the Air!
Nature productive—of one perfect Fair!

Gave Her the King, and made a matchless Pair!

20 A POETIC CHRONOLOGY. A

Joy thro' the Land in Smiles and Sonnets strays,
The Grandfire's wanton—and the Grandame plays.—
Manhood his Sabre draws—and vows Defence
Of princely Goodness—princely Innocence!
Each teeming Mother, flush'd with sprightly Joy,
Conveys high Spirits, to her unborn Boy!
The raptur'd Youth—the virtuous State approve,
More chastly parley—and more truly love.
In each untainted Soul, Content is seen,
And Babes lisp out—God save the King and Queen!

New Conquests on the heroic Monarch wait,—
And Bliss—and Glory complicate his Fate.
Fleets—Hosts, in Concord (Extasy to tell!)
Propos'd Defeat—and *Western India* fell!

The Pillage of St. *John's*—might Triumph grace—
Of Pirates seizing a defenceless Place!
And nobler Arms re-conquering, shall boast
Each Trade protected—or the World well lost!

Spain's

A POETIC CHRONOLOGY. 21

Spain's Threats to Terrors turn—by War's Alarms,—
And *Spanish* Wealth's impress'd with *British* Arms.

Nature, new deck'd—her Beauties to adorn,—
Claim'd a new Star—when *George* the Fourth was born!
High may the Graces, by the Virtues taught,
Perfect his Form, and sanctify his Thought!

Heav'n's blissful Fiat—let frail Contest cease!
Gave the *Havannab*—as the Pledge of Peace.
Mock Patriots eccho, Clamours of Caprice,
“ The first Aggressor ne'er shou'd dictate Peace!
“ As boundless Pow'r—a boundless Tenure claims;
“ Oppressive Pow'r—a virtuous Right defames:
“ As prudent Mercy may with Honour give,
“ What plaintive Thrones wou'd gratefully receive:
“ Aiding our Foes, by weak'ning our Defence,
“ Proves Mercy—Madness,—Justice, want of Sense!
“ As servile—bloody Hands, oft prop'd a Throne,
“ Which brib'd—or Panic-struck—their Prince disown.

“ As

22 A POETIC CHRONOLOGY.

- " As Avarice and Int'rest wou'd seduce,
" E'en Virtue to forestal a baneful Truce :
" Kiss polish'd Chains, embrace the gilded Woe,
" And furnish War—to lavish all in Show !
" So frantic Leaders set the World in Flame,
" To barter Blood and Wealth, for phantom Fame !
" As Britons, Wisdom taught—their Freedom prize,
" Applaud their Charter—and explode Excise,
" As Hemp's Utility—oft made a stand,
" What wou'd the Ax to aid an injur'd Land,
" If Pow'r corrupt, oppressive—shou'd obtain
" A servile Vassalage—and sovereign Pain?"

Strange Jargon—of the restless, various Throng;—
Strangers to whom pacific Joys belong !—
Cou'd Laws—repining Mortals, doom to bear
The Weight—Fatigues, and Terrors of a War !
To cease the Storm—Cowards wou'd risque their Fate,
And Misers give their Idols to the State !—

Who'd

Who'd bear with Madness, hurling Brands of Fire?

Or Power racking—'till the Laws expire?

For Reason's Sons confirm this lov'd Decree,—

Let Rectitude of Honour keep Us free!

Then cease, each rude and inconsistent Tribe

To nurse Confusion—or the Laws proscribe!

Great-Britain bless'd—seraphic Peace now sings,

Great George, Defender of *European* Kings!—

Hail Peace!—unblemish'd by one partial Clause!

A Peace exulting—in the World's Applause!—

Design'd by Virtue—Wisdom drew the Plan

Of Wealth and Ease—the Price and Prize of Man!

A Peace unmodel'd by a Tyrant's Hand!

Built by the utmost Efforts of the Land!

Finish'd with mutual Reason and Delight;

Furnish'd with Pow'r—and Plentitude of Right!

Adorn'd with Triumphs—Proof to intestine Jars!

Bless'd and supported—by the God of Wars!

Thus

Thus Tempests swell the Seas to kiss the Clouds,—
 And Oaks and Temples bury in the Floods;—
 'Till *Phæbus* chase the Hurricanes away,
 And what was Chaos—is meridian Day.

THE END.

Warwick, May —, 1763.